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THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

Judge

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LABELS.

"WHY IS a hen?" is a problem that has confronted the most astute Anglo-Saxon minds for decades past, and the answer is, and probably always will be, shrouded in impenetrable mystery. "When is an apple-pie?" is by no means a parallel problem. We know that an apple is pie when it is placed in a certain juxtaposition to one or two thin sheets of baked dough called pie-crust. Custom dictates the shape and arrangement of these crusts, allowing a certain leeway to the individual taste of the cook, and determining whether the pie shall be open-faced, cross-bar, or kiver-top. What is a chowder? Custom and nothing else dictates the answer to this; but a wider leeway is permitted the inventiveness of the cook. If she goes beyond the limit set by tradition she forfeits the right to call her concoction chowder, though she may call it hash or ragout, but within those limits her fancy has wide range.

One of the most popular measures ever passed by our national legislature is known as the pure food law. By its provisions the housewives of our land are protected against fraudulent or mislabeled ingredients, and our most cherished shrines—the dining-room tables of America—are guarded in part against pollution. Many excellent laws have been killed by the extreme zeal of unrestrained supporters. Let us urge, before it is too late, that the pure food law be not made ridiculous, and thus nullified or lost, through the extreme zeal of that single-minded chemist, Dr. Wiley. We say single-minded, because he seems to have lost sight of every consideration save "the label on the bottle." Let him remember that pure truth is not everything to us, since the days when our own mothers labeled a certain milk-and-sugar concoction "cambric-tea," though no tea was in it. Dr. Wiley smashes through our china-closet in his zealous effort to crush mislabeled goods and wastes effort on the cherished misnomers which tradition has made legitimate. "Ice-cream," says he, "must have cream in it." Heaven save us from such idealism! What becomes of the cream-puffs of our childhood, squashing deliciously, and spurting a yellow ingredient upon our clothes which the most hardened reprobate would never claim came from mortal cow? "Chowder," says he, "must be made of so-and-so." Omniscience would be his only excuse for so absolute a statement.

Like Humpty-Dumpty, words mean to us what we want them to mean. Dr. Wiley cannot compel us to change our names for certain foodstuffs merely because the name is a misnomer. Let him pursue real frauds and not waste his valuable time and our valuable patience to the injury of what should be a useful law.

. . .

OUR WEST.

THE CRITICS of the Administration who were so bitter over the contemplated voyage of our battle-ship fleet are silenced by the success of the undertaking and the obvious enthusiasm of our whole people. West of the Mississippi courses the new blood of the nation. There some day may live actually the better half of us. Our peace-navy has been a toy of the Atlantic seaboard for so long that all of those states having a natural outlet upon the Pacific had almost forgotten their past ownership in it. Let them hail with high festival this first acknowledgment of their claim. It will not be the last.

. . .

COPIES OF JUDGE WANTED.

THE destruction of the files of LESLIE'S WEEKLY and JUDGE by fire leaves our records incomplete. We shall be glad to hear immediately from those who have bound or unbound files of these publications, from which missing numbers can be supplied for years, or parts of years. We shall pay a satisfactory price for the same.

THE BULL IN THE CHINA SHOP.

LIMERICK CONTEST.

THIS is the greatest of all our contests. As it is the first one of its kind that has ever been held, it should prove of great interest to our readers. Only one word is needed to complete this limerick. Those who send in the best answers will be told how to get a fine watch for nothing. All second-best answers will be rewarded by our secret process for removing paint-stains on the clothing. The contest will close promptly at 12:23 a. m., Sunday, February 29th, 1909. The limerick which is to be completed follows:

Said a lazy young personage, "Fudge!"
For no other paper I'd budge.
I'd lean back and sigh
When the newsboy went by,
"Ah, me! If he'd only bring ——

No answers should be accompanied by a stamped envelope. The prize limerick and the name of the successful poet will be printed some time.

IT'S BEEN USED.

First pugilist—"But where can we go to pull off the fight?"

Second pugilist—"Why not try to get the senate chamber at Washington?"

RIGHT IN HIS LINE.

AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE—"Do you know anything about the lumber business?"
AFFIANCED NOBLEMAN—"Er—I know all about family-trees."

MISS BIRDIE VAIN—"Can't you give me something to prevent the moulting of my feathers?"

A SURGEON IN CHARGE.

"WHAT makes old Charon look so glum?" asked the shade of a congressman of the shade of a New York reporter.

"Oh, he's afraid there's a movement on foot to place Æsculapius in command of his boat," answered the reporter as they embarked for their voyage over the Styx.

ANSWERED.

"OH, Lord, what can we do?" the parson sighed,
"To stem the money panic's fearful tide,
And grim hard times debar?"
Methought a voice within the temple cried:
"Cut out the church bazaar!"

TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

"WAS Crœsus a very rich man, pa?"

"For his time he was, but to-day he wouldn't be considered worth indicting."

NEWS ITEM.

THE *House-builders' Magazine* for Nowonder contains six stories and an attic. Adv.

PROBABLY HAS 'EM ALL.

"Eighty-five years old, and says he never hed a day's sickness in his life—can't read or write, nuther."
"Thet accounts fer it. Ef he could read the patent-medicine 'ads,' he'd be eddicated up ter havin' symptoms uv most everyth.ng."

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

GRACE HEYER IN "TWENTY DAYS IN THE SHADE."

The grace of you, Grace,
And the charm of your way,
Keep one on the run
Every day to your play.

EVERYBODY PLEASED.

Deacon—"Are you willing to go?"

Unpopular citizen (dying)—"Oh, yes; I am."

Deacon—"Well, I'm glad you are, for that makes it unanimous."

A FAMILIAR TRANSITION.

Visitor—"They tell me you are a trusty. What were you before you were sent here?"

Convict No. 1313—"I was a trustee, mum."

BALLAD OF SLUSH.

THE "pomes" of passion, love-sick verse,
The silly sonnet, maudlin lay,
The Swinburne rhyme I used to nurse
In quiet on a summer's day;
The word of fire, pronouncéd "fi-ah,"
(Elizabethan scansion's way),
The hot old stuff of my "desi-ah"—
Where is the slush of yesterday?

"The lilies and the lanquors," oh!
"The hot wan wine of love," per se,
Charles Algernon, I want to know
"The hot, sweet throats" of that old day.
Faustine, Dolores, and Félise,
Hermaphroditus, o'er the way—
What Tenderloin did he police?—
Where is the slush of yesterday?

Byronic verse I used to write,
(Don Juan my model every way),
The school-boy efforts, my delight,
(Anacreon I copied aye);
The Ella Wheeler Wilcox song
I studied in the twilight gray.
To what dim past do all belong?
Where is the slush of yesterday?

L'ENVOI

Erotic poets, ye are not
The kind to live for aye and aye,
Ephemeral your dreary rot—
Where is the slush of yesterday?

WALTER BEVERLEY BLANE.

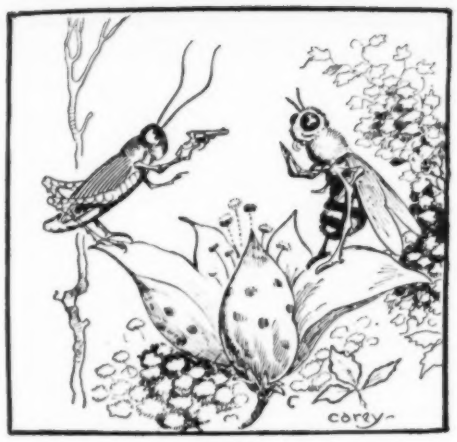
HE DID.

"ARE you Mr. Scratcher?" queried a tall, lean man, opening the door of the editorial sanctum.

"I am," answered the editor; "won't you take a chair?"

"That's just what I've come for," exclaimed the visitor. "I'm the furniture man."

NOTHING circulates so rapidly as a secret.



HE DID.

"Spare me! spare me!" sobbed the bee,
"For life is very sweet to me."

CAN'T AFFORD HIM NOW.

Lily Bell—"No, Rufus; Ah cain't marry yo' jest yet a while. Yo'll hab to wait."

Rufus—"Why for mus' I wait, Lily Bell?"

Lily Bell—"'Cause three of the families mammy washes for done quit her an' now she sca'cely makes 'nough to support me an' paw."

THE DIFFERENCE.

Joke-writer—"I wish I had started this thing earlier. Why, six months ago no one could have convinced me I could write a joke."

Unsympathetic friend—"And now no one can convince you that you can't."

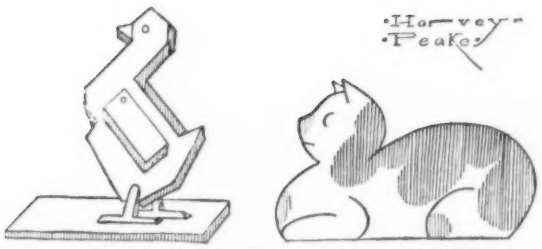
DISTANT.

SHE—"Are you related to the Joneses of London?"
HE—"Yes; a distant relative."
SHE—"Indeed! How far removed?"
HE—"About 3,500 miles."

SAINT PETER—"Confound those New York sky-scrapers!"

CONDITIONAL.

FRED—"Will you coast with me forever down the hill of time, dear?"
MARY—"Yes—if you let me steer."



APROPOS OF THE NEW STRAIGHT-LINE TOYS.

THE POSTER CAT—"Those arts and craft people make me tired. As if anybody ever saw a bird like that!"

A BASIC ERROR.

"WELL, I'm burcussed!" impatiently remarked the northern business man who was vainly attempting to make a hurried trip over a southern railroad. "This is the slowest infernal train I ever ran across. I've been watching that town about a mile aheadfor half an hour, and I can't see that we are getting a bit nearer to it."

"Huh!" scornfully replied a patriotic native. "We hain't goin' in that direction, suh."

JUDGE'S DECISIONS.

THE emotions of a cook may be felt in her pies.

Some men make themselves heard by their neckties.

Be guided by an undertaker and he'll put you in a hole!

Silence does not give consent when you have just asked a man to lend you a fiver.

Where most persons must have a four-legged chair, one with three legs serves as well for a genius.

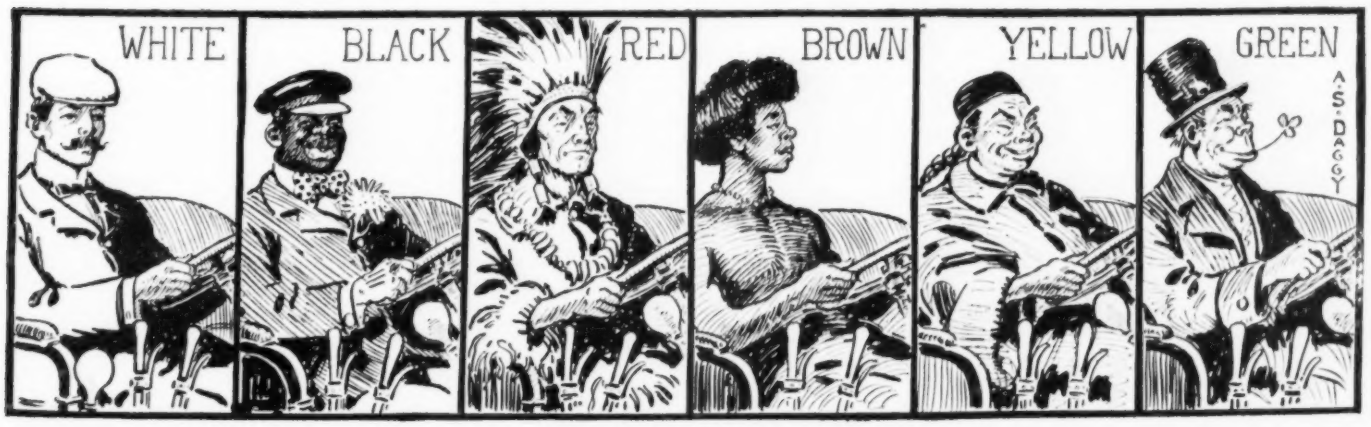
A man would rather be cheated out of a nickel over the bar than lose a cent over the butcher's counter.

Many a man would gladly pay the price of admission if he could once more crawl under the tent at the circus.

The finishing touches to a masterpiece can be spoiled by the landlady's bursting into the room for the rent.

NOT ALTOGETHER ENGLISH.

DUKE—"Although I'm usually temperance, my boy, when I'm in America I constantly feel the need of an elevator."
BOY—"Yes, sir. How's that, sir?"
DUKE—"I cannot stand your stares."



SUGGESTION TO AUTOMOBILISTS.

Why not pick your chauffeur to match the color of your machine?

SHE WAS HUMAN.

UNTIL my sweetheart ate with me
I liked to think she fed on air,
Or nectar and ambrosia fare,
With now and then a sip of tea.
But when at last I chanced to see
My lady at her dinner, I
Watched soup and steak and (horrors!) pie,
All disappearing daintily.
It was a shock, as you'll agree.
Yet to her side I straight repaired,
And spoke the words I'd never dared,
Until my sweetheart ate with me.

HE RUBBERED.

"WHEN Lot's wife turned to salt, what did Lot turn to?"

"Turned to *rubber*."

WANTED—NEW QUESTION.

THIS is an intellectual contest. It is not designed to promote amusement or fun, but is a serious step toward the advancement and betterment of the human race. Here is the proposition in a hickory nutshell:

WE WANT A NEW QUESTION FOR OUR COLLEGE PROFESSORS TO SOLVE.

The prize offered to the person furnishing the best answer is a ham sandwich. Do not hesitate. Remember that this is a movement for the uplifting of civilization.

All answers will be carefully examined by competent judges and the pretty prize will be awarded to the winner. No old questions, long ago cast aside by the intellectual giants of the nation, will be considered for a moment.

We have been specially appointed by a committee of the presidents of the colleges and other institutions of learning to find the new question. Here is a part of the communication sent to us by the committee.

"Having delved deep into the psychological, philosophical, and scientific problems of the universe for years, and having unraveled the major part of them, this committee is now confronted with the striking dilemma of getting something original and new or having our professors remain idle, basking in the sunshine of their past accomplishments.

"This being the true statement of fact, we, the presidents of the leading colleges and universities of the country, respectfully request that you secure a new problem or a new question, concerning humanity and civilization, and present it to us. We in turn will submit it to the great minds in our various seats of knowledge, for solution. We guarantee that the answer will be forthcoming sometime. Thanking you, we are,

(Signed)

PROFESSOR SKINGRAFTER, Yarvard University,
PROFESSOR BULGEBROW, Hale University,
PROFESSOR BIGBRAIN, Brinceton University.
Committee.

Immediately upon the receipt of this pitiful letter we set to work to concoct a plan to relieve the suffering indolence of the college instructors. We decided upon this prize contest in hopes of interesting the public and obtaining immediate and meritorious results.

Do not waste time. This is an admirable chance for some youthful genius to make a hit with the greater thinkers of the world. Address all answers to "College Question Editor," JUDGE.

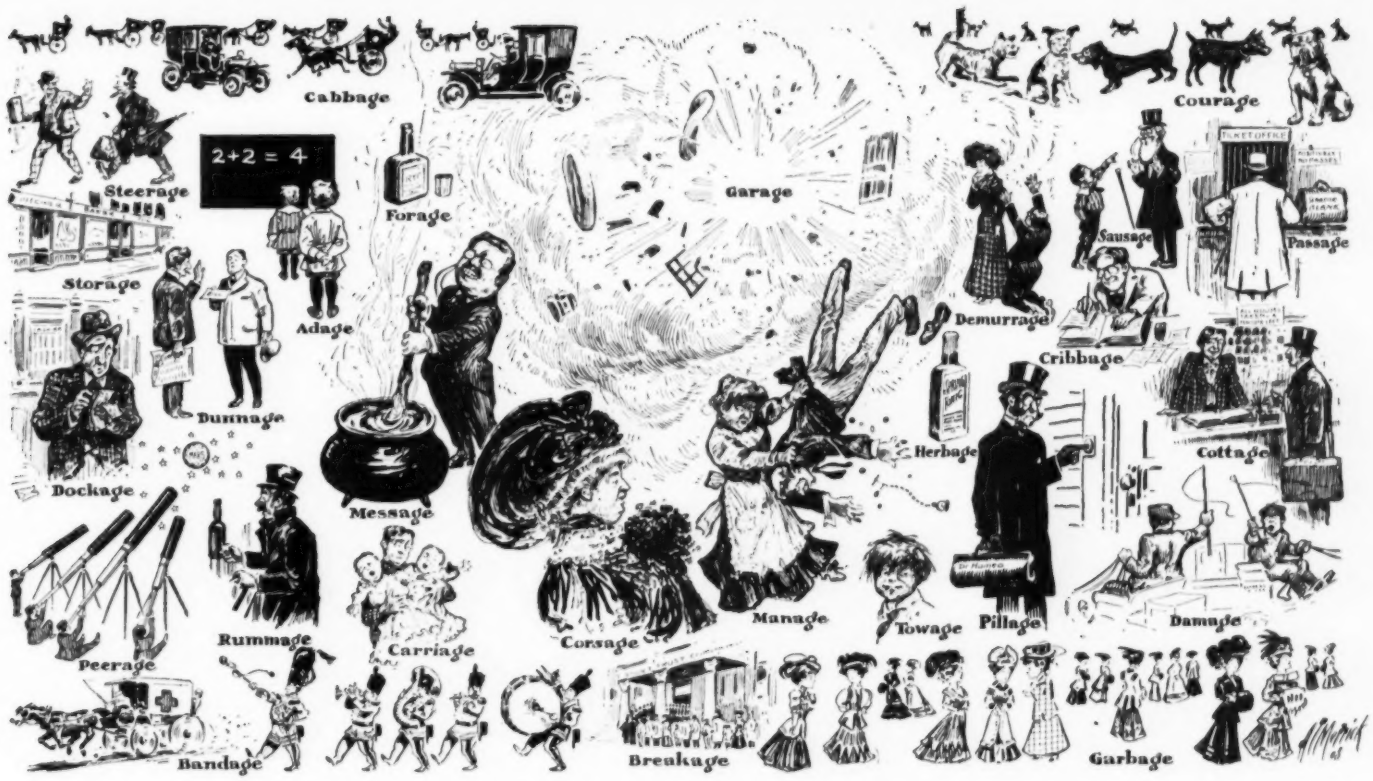
HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

"An' would the Laughing Fawn like t' fly t' leafy gladesh 'f boun'less prairiesh (hic) with pale-face brave (hic), would she?"

A GOURMAND.

SWEET Molly was fond of meringue;
She ate some whenever she sangue.
Once she had some too thick,
And it made her quite sick,
And she cried out, "Oh, hangue this dangue pangue."

NOTHING LIKE BEING CIVILIZED.



THE PRESENT AGE; OR, THE TWENTY-SEVEN AGES.

THE ENTHUSIAST.

THE MUSIC of the Viennese
My Ethel could not fail to please—
It simply turned her head;
She danced the "Merry Widow Waltz"—
I'll not deny it—'twould be false—
As if Vienna bred.

But now the "Widow" grows passé,
"The Waltz Dream" is her dearest play—
It is, upon my soul!
She's danced so long, Vienna style,
That now she walks—I have to smile—
With a Vienna roll.

H. S. STUCKEY.

EMBARRASSING.

ISN'T it embarrassing, after you have been wearing a soft Fedora all winter, to try to grab the dome of your new derby when you meet a lady friend?

AN ADVANTAGEOUS PARTNERSHIP.

THE following "paid" ad. appeared, without editing, in the Pinhook *Banner*, of January 25th:

"KRIPPELS TAKE NOTUS!!!

The Undersigned got onley wun leg left leg an wun arm rite arm an want to git into pardnerships with wun rite leg krippel an wun left arm krippel for exchanging ov bootes shoes ovver shoes gloves an mittens withem savin this way munney fer awl three on the same clothings which foot geer hez got for to be number 10 dubbel EE an mittens korrespondin plees anser with inclosing stamps fer anser back an harty good will to awl.

Your obeedeunt servent HENNERY PILLOCKS JR."

NEWS ITEM.

AS a result of the recent financial trouble it is reported that the "400" has been reduced to three-ninety-eight.

MODERN COMPLICATIONS.

IT is pretty hard for a girl to tell whether it is better to be so polite as to pretend that she is not shocked when she is, or so refined as to pretend she is shocked when she isn't.

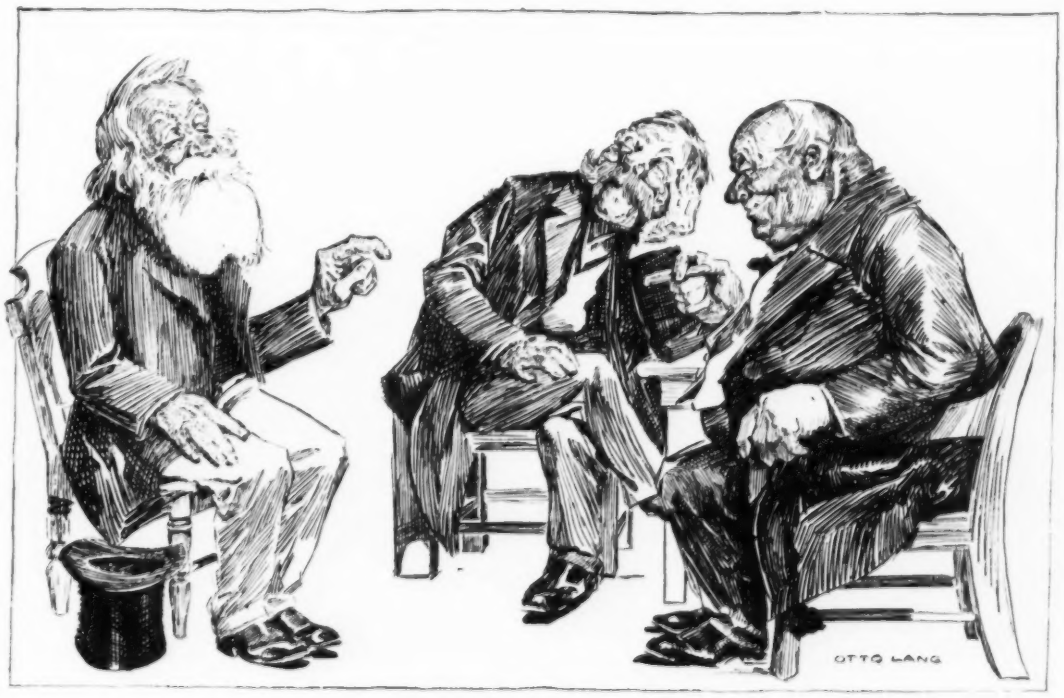
There is also the complicated case of the man who won't work at all unless he is praised for it, and when he is praised for it becomes too chesty to work.

ALL IN SIGHT.

JACK SPRAT could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
But when invited out to dine
They gobbled all they seen.

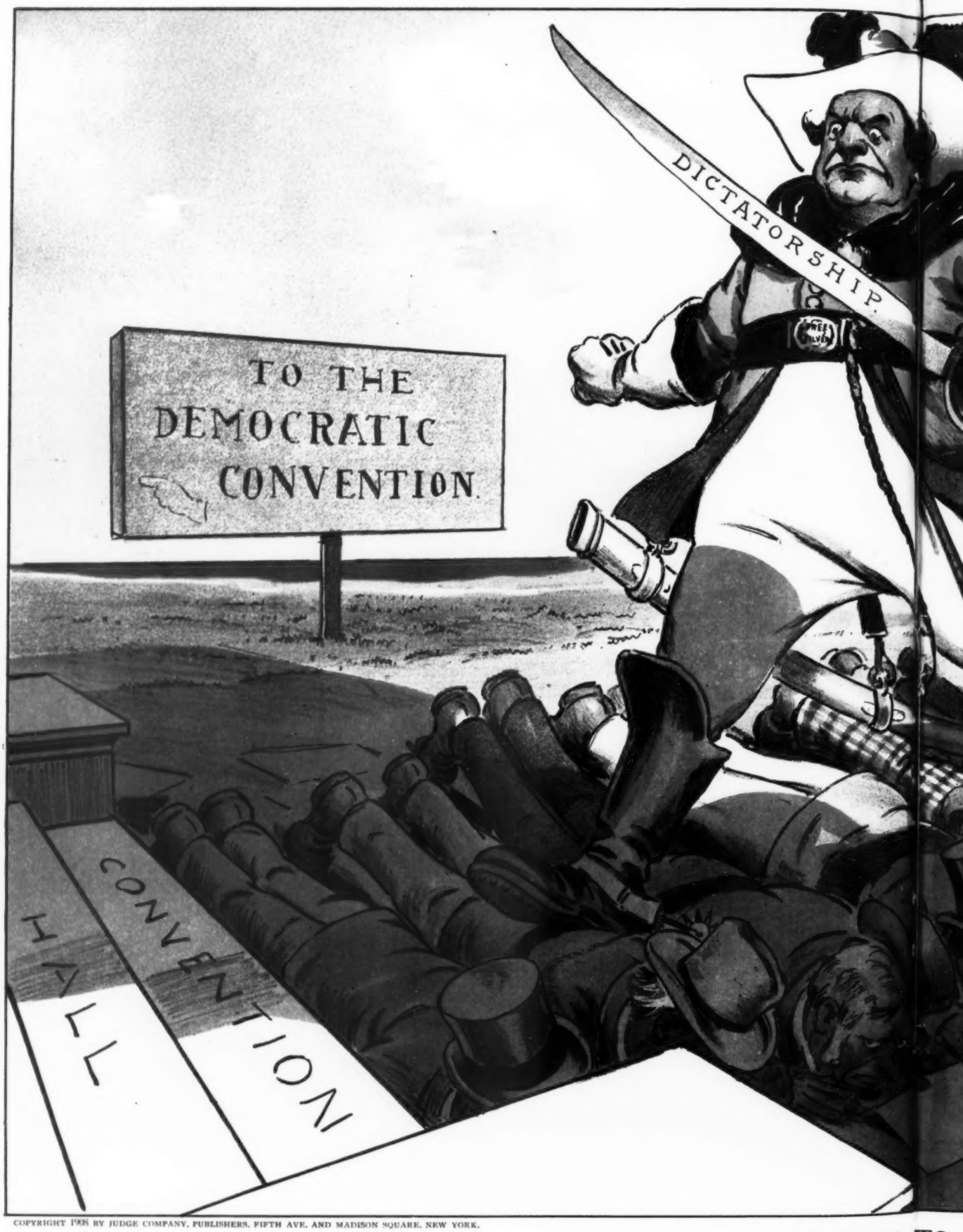
OF COURSE.

OF COURSE it makes a striking display advertisement, but should not the line be drawn on "Woman's shirt waists half off?"



DRAWN ONCE, AT LEAST.

"They as't me whether the candidate, Colonel G. B. M. Hardy, ever drew his sword, an' I told 'em 'ya-as'—an' I warn't lyin', nuther. He got it in a raffle."



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MARCHING TO

"That committee of prominent Democrats who were to beard Bryan and urge his withdr
they lie down meekly enough before him."—

TO DENVER.

his withdrawal has died still-born. However loudly they roar behind his back,
re him."—*Democratic Daily Paper.*

1. NERVY NAT—"Ah, ha! Here 's where I make good with Purline. She evidently wants a skating partner, but is too modest to make the break. Well, I'll just hypnotize her into action."

2. NERVY NAT—"That's correct, Mabel. Just watch your Uncle Nervy. This stunt is what they call the Merry Widow-slide. Graceful, is it nit?"
THE LADY—"Impertinence!"

3. NERVY NAT—"Now, Pauline, I've slid around your elephantine form several times without your so much as batting an eye. This endeavor, albeit, should capture the coon skins."

4. NERVY NAT—"Say, if it wasn't for the steam coming from your exhaust pipe I'd believe you were an frozen image. I've pirouetted around you seventeen times, and as yet have not been invited to tea. I'll just try one more stunt, and if you don't fall for that I'll swell up myself like a poisoned pup and try my talents elsewhere."

5. THE LADY—"Help!"
NERVY NAT—"Shivering walruses! If I haven't cut a circle around the weighty Annabel, and she's dropped through. Who would have thunk that these skate-runners were so sharp?"

6. THE LADY—"You must come home with me until I show you to papa, the hero who saved me life."
NERVY NAT—"Um! Show me to popper—is nit that sublime? What does she think I am, a fox terrier or a Boston bull? However, I just want to see popper long enough to get his recommend for a Carnegie Hero medal. What a regular dish of pishtosh ice-cream she is—hey, what?"

NO. 39—NERVY NAT CUTS SOME ICE.

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PLATONIC.

He never heard of rarebits,
He never tasted pie,
He never ate dill pickles
Or smelled of "extra dry."
He shunned the airy mazes
And the waltz's dizzy whirl;
He never wore a collar
When he went to see his girl.
Perhaps you think our hero
Was a dead one, so to speak,
But you're very much mistaken—
He was just an ancient Greek.
—*Widow.*

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters adds greatly to the deliciousness of grape fruit.

THE GIRL WORTH WHILE.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When you're looking and feeling flip,
But the girl worth while is the girl who can smile
With a cold-sore on her lip.
—*Sphinx.*

JUST LIKE IRON.

Wife—"John, there must be a lot of iron in your system."

Husband—"Why do you think so?"

Wife—"Because you invariably lose your temper when you get hot."—*Chicago News.*

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c. a bottle.

HARD TO CONTROVERT.

"Has your father given you that automobile yet?"

"No; it is so difficult to overcome his objections. He says that the gasoline cars are in bad odor, and that the electric ones are simply shocking."—*Baltimore American.*

"You know that old saying," began Kwoter, "'Take care of the pennies and'"——

"And," interrupted Gailey, "the dollars will take care of your heirs."—*Philadelphia Press.*

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

A BORN POLITICIAN.

"Sir, I ain't askin' fer no handout or cold bite."

"Well?" said the householder.

"But I sure am a receptive candidate."

His modesty was rewarded.—*Courier-Journal.*

A woman can forgive Providence most anything but a bad complexion.

Chapped Skin

The soothing, healing and nourishing properties of pine tar, glycerine and sweet vegetable oils, as combined in

Packer's Tar Soap

make it invaluable for chapped, chafed or irritated skin. Its routine use not only protects but softens, whitens and fortifies.

THE PACKER MFG. CO., NEW YORK

NEAR THE SPEED LIMIT.

Father—"I think Horace would get along better without his room-mate."

Mother—"Why, Horace says they are fast friends."

Father—"Without doubt; and if he had fewer fast friends and more close ones I would be better satisfied."—*Widow.*

COULD ONLY GUESS AT IT.

The druggist had just filled a prescription.

"I'd like a copy of that prescription," said the customer.

"Guess you'll have to get it from the doctor," replied the pill compiler. "I never could read his writing."—*Chicago News.*

UNCERTAIN.

"I hear there is a dear little baby in your house," said the neighbor next door. "Boy or girl?"

"We ain't decided yet," replied little Susie. "Pop and mum's still scrappin' over a name for it."—*Eau Claire Leader.*

WAITS AND MEASURES.

"What sort of a table do they set at your boarding-house?" asked the young man who was contemplating a change.

"A table of waits and measures," replied his friend. "The first long and the latter short."—*Chicago News.*

AUNT CHLOE'S SERIOUS HOPES.

Lady (to colored laundress)—"Well, Aunt Chloe, how is your husband today?"

Aunt Chloe (gloomily)—"He ain't no better, Miss Mary. He's done gone on a new inscription, but de doctor's got mighty serious hopes 'bout his discovery."—*Delaware Democrat.*

EVANS' ALE OR STOUT

Can be had in

"Splits"

A SMALL BOTTLE FOR A SHORT DRINK

Order from your dealer or write to
C. H. Evans & Sons, Hudson, N. Y.

Copyright, 1907, by Judge Co.
AN OLD MAN'S DARLING.
Photogravure in sepia, 15 x 19½.
One Dollar.
Send five cents for our beautiful illustrated catalogue.
JUDGE CO., 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MODERN FACILITIES.

"Who wuz dis Rip Van Winkle?"

"An old-time guy wot slept in de mountings."

"Didn't have no public libraries, I s'pose, in his day?"—*Courier-Journal.*

AND THEY SAY HE WENT TO COLLEGE.

"If conscience speaks when I do wrong,"
Said Willie, in great glee,
"I'm glad it doesn't speak to ma,
And only speaks to me."
—*Widow*

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

Medical student (to friend suffering from loco motor ataxy)—"Hold your breath if you want to cure your 'hiccups.'"

Invalid—"Hic—can't hold it, issh too—hic—strong."—*Tiger.*

DEATH AFTER MARRIAGE.

Justice O'Hallora—"Have you any children, Mrs. Kelly?"

Mrs. Kelly—"I hov two living, and wan married."—*Democrat.*

I Want You to Know My Razor as I Know It.

Over two Million sold in America in last three years.

Whether you rely upon the old fashioned razor or whether you depend upon the barber for your daily shave, there is still a ***better, quicker, more economical*** and ***sanitary*** way — the "Gillette" way — and my razor will convince you of this fact.

It is the better way because of the great convenience it affords —a slight turn of the handle enables you to have as close or as light a shave as you may wish—removing any beard without the least discomfort or irritation of the skin.

It is the quicker way because the thin, flexible, double-edged blades require ***No Stropping, No Honing.*** They are made of specially selected and tested steel, individually hardened, tempered, ground, honed and stropped by never-varying automatic machinery. They are so inexpensive that when dull you throw them away as you would an old pen. It takes but from three to five minutes' time with the Gillette to obtain the most delightful shave you ever had in your life.

It is the economical way because you may shave yourself at home or away from home at any time—saving your time, money and the endless inconvenience and annoyance of being dependent upon the barber. My razor not only produces daily dividends of satisfaction to its users but saves its cost inside of a few weeks.

I could talk to you a month about the good qualities of my razor and what it means to you, but what I want is to get you to ***try it just once*** and then you will know it as I know it, and would not part with it for any price.

Ask your dealer for the "Gillette" to-day and shave yourself with ease, comfort, and economy for the rest of your life.

King C. Gillette

The Gillette Safety Razor Set consists of a triple silver-plated holder, 12 double-edged blades (24 keen edges) packed in a velvet-lined leather case, and the price is $5.00 at all the leading Jewelry, Drug, Cutlery, Hardware, and Sporting Goods Dealers.

Combination Sets from $6.50 to $50.00.

Ask your dealer for the "GILLETTE" to-day. If substitutes are offered refuse them and write us at once for our booklet and free trial offer.

Gillette Sales Company, ***263 Times Building, New York City.***

Gillette Safety Razor
NO STROPPING NO HONING

DOOMED TO LIVE ALONE.

"According to this paper," observed Mr. Goodwin, "an Ohio man has lived a year on beer alone."

"Well, that's as it should be," rejoined Mrs. Goodwin. "Any man who lives on beer ought to be compelled to live alone."—*Chicago News.*

BUT IT ISN'T A MONOPOLY.

"The sun," remarked the kindly citizen, "shines for all."

"And that's what worries some people," averred the caustic citizen. "They seem to think the sun ought to be handled as a spot light."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

POINTS.

The more people think they understand others the less they seem to understand themselves.

An awful uncomfortable feeling is when you can't remember the next day the excuse you gave the night before.

The satisfactory thing about pessimism is how much worse things always turn out than it expected they would.—Ex.

AN AMBULANCE NEEDED.

Little Willie—"Say, pa, what is a football coach?"

Pa—"It must be another name for an ambulance, my son."—*Chicago News.*

Some girls get engaged to a man so as to make up their minds whether to marry him.

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The World's Best
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BOTH RIGHT.

A visitor to one of the stately ancestral homes of Virginia, who was being shown about by an old colored retainer, paused before a painting.

"Exquisite!" he exclaimed, rapturously. "That must be an old master."

Uncle Nelse shook his head. "No, suh," he replied; "'tain't old marster. Dat's old Mistis Al'son."—*Ex.*

WHY HE STAYED.

Joe Lincoln, whose Cape Cod folks are well-known characters, recently attended a lecture. When asked how he liked it, he related this little story:

A stranger entered a church in the seiddle of the sermon and seated himmlf in the back pew. After a while he began to fidget. Leaning over to the white-haired man at his side, evidently an old member of the congregation, he whispered:

"How long has he been preaching?"

"Thirty or forty years, I think," the old man answered. "I don't know exactly."

"I'll stay, then," decided the stranger. "He must be nearly done."—*Everybody's*

TOOK HIS WORD FOR IT.

One of the local officials of Chicago tells of a plumber's apprentice who, on his way to work one morning, called at the office of the health authorities and made known his wish to register his father's death. When the clerk asked the date of the demise, the son replied: "He ain't dead yet; but he will be before night. I thought it would save me another journey if you put it down now." "That won't do at all," said the clerk. "Perhaps your father will live for a long while yet." "Well, I don't know," responded the apprentice doubtfully. "The doctor says he won't, and he knows what he has given him."—*Argonaut.*

MISERY LIKES COMPANY.

Shortly after two o'clock one bitter winter morning a physician drove four miles in answer to a telephone call. On his arrival the man who had summoned him said:

"Doctor, I ain't in any particular pain, but somehow or other I've got a feeling that death is nigh."

The doctor felt the man's pulse and listened to his heart. "Have you made your will?" he asked finally.

The man turned pale. "Why, no, doctor. At my age—oh, doc, it ain't true, is it? It can't be true"——

"Who's your lawyer?"

"Higginbotham; but"——

"Then you'd better send for him at once."

The patient, white and trembling, went to the telephone.

"Who's your pastor?" continued the doctor.

"Rev. Kellogg M. Brown," mumbled the patient. "But, doctor, do you think"——

"Send for him immediately. Your father, too, should be summoned; also your"——

"Say, doctor, do you really think I'm going to die?" The man began to blubber softly.

The doctor looked at him hard. "No, I don't," he replied. "There's nothing at all the matter with you. But I hate to be the only man you've made a fool of on a bitter cold morning like this."—*Independent.*

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To heaven above.

Of heaven's delights
I have a doubt;
I'd say, off-hand,
To cut it out.

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HOW THE BISHOP SWORE

The late Sir John Millais used to tell a story of an old man who was his attendant during a day's sport in the north of England. The old man was full of local gossip and small scandal, and when the natural supply failed him he was generally able to manufacture enough of his own to go on with. "I were out with the bishop yesterday," said the old man, referring to a popular church dignitary, who is also a good fisherman. "Ah," replied Millais, "he's a good man." "Well," continued the old fellow, "'e may be, but 'e do swear a bit when 'e's fishin'." "Oh, nonsense!" replied Millias, "I don't believe that." The old man insisted that he was right. "I'll give you an instance," he said. "I was standin' 'longside o' the bishop, same as I might be aside o' you, an' 'e'd got a big fellow at the end of 'is line that was pretty nigh pullin' 'im off 'is feet, an' I turns to his lordship an' I says, ''E pulls damned 'ard, don't 'e?' an' the bishop says, 'Yes, 'e do.' Well, now, ain't that swearin'?"—*Argonaut.*

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"I want to get some salad," said Mrs. Youngwife. "Yes'm," said the dealer. "How many heads." "Oh, gracious! I thought you took the head off. I just want plain chicken salad."—*Philadelphia Press.*

WHY SAY ANYTHING?

Bacon—"Do you think it is proper for a man to say things behind his wife's back?"

Egbert—"Well, if he's trying to button her dress, how can he help it?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A few dashes of Abbott's Bitters on sliced oranges make a delectable dish.

ONE POINT OF VIEW.

Tommy—"Do you believe it is fortunate to be the seventh son?"

Mickey—"Naw! I'm the seventh son."

Tommy—"But the fortune-tellers say the seventh son has all kinds of luck handed down to him."

Mickey—"Huh! All I have handed down to me is me six brothers' old clothes."—*Chicago News.*

AND THIS COMES FROM BOSTON.

Scott—"They dramatize everything nowadays. I'll bet they'll soon be dramatizing the ad. columns."

Mott—"Well, why not; aren't the ad. columns just the place for striking situations?"—*Boston Transcript.*

THE POOR TWINS.

Wild-eyed man—"I want some soothing-syrup, quick."

Druggist—"What size bottle."

Wild-eyed man—"Bottle? I want a cask; it's twins."—*Illustrated Bits.*

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

It's lucky for us the coal man doesn't charge for it by a meter.

A woman believes in miracles because she knows they aren't true.

The nice thing about a happy marriage is the woman always believes it.

A man always says a public dinner was a great success if he got his name in the paper for being present.—N. Y. Press.

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"Father," asked Rollo, "what is a financier?"

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NOT NATURAL.

"I like work, but"——

"But what?"

"I will admit that it's an acquired taste."—*Courier-Journal.*

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BUT NOW——

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WHO? INDEED.

Special street cars for London women will be a decided innovation. But who envies the conductor? — *Cleveland Plaindealer.*

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Bill stolidly shifted the quid of tobacco in his mouth and turned to leave the court-room with the marshal. Once outside, the only thing he said was this:

"Well, I suah am glad he wa'n't mad at me!"—*Cleveland Leader.*

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best for colds, sore throat, and grippe. Physicians can prescribe nothing better. 25c.

A MISTAKE.

Client—"Didn't you make a mistake in going into law instead of the army?"

Lawyer—"Why?"

Client—"By the way you charge there would be little left of the enemy."—*Sacred Heart Review.*

THEY'D FIND OUT.

Minister's wife—"Wake up! There are burglars in the house, John."

Minister—"Well, what of it? Let them find out their mistake themselves."—*Christian Register.*

BUT HE CAN'T FOOL ALL THE PEOPLE ALL THE TIME.

She—"Don't you think he's clever?"

He—"Well, he seems to make people think so."

She—"Well, don't you consider that clever?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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¶The three limerick contests recently held aroused so wide an interest and so much skill was exhibited by our readers in the art of versification that we are encouraged to inaugurate a contest of wider limits.

Who Will Be the Next President, and Why?

¶Answer these two questions in one "poem," which shall have **not more than five lines, and not more than forty words, in all.**

¶Be sure that both questions are answered and that the number of lines does not exceed five, nor the whole number of words exceed forty. Brevity will have a large share in earning the prize.

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Judge

LITTLE JOHNNY AND THE TEDDY BEARS.

THEY SEEK A PLEASANT SOUTHERN SHORE, AND FEEL A PANG NE'ER FELT BEFORE.

1. John's long vacation has begun;
School's over, now's the time for fun.
The Teds and Johnny hear with glee
Of a delightful trip by sea.

2. But hardly have they left the land
When some strange ill attacks the band.
They cannot eat, they cannot drink,
They almost hope the ship will sink.

3. But Johnny's Dad with kindly care
Lures them on deck to get some air.
Then soon they feel in happier mood
And look about and long for food.

4. They see a steward with a tray,
But O! he hastens on his way.
The hungry mob at once pursue;
I'm sure I would have done it too.

5. They rush down stairs, mouths open wide,
An awful emptiness inside.
Right through the kitchen door they fly,
And seize on all the cook's supply.

6. With roaring appetites like that,
They'll all be getting very fat.
Yet they are glad to land once more
Upon a new and pleasant shore.

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